

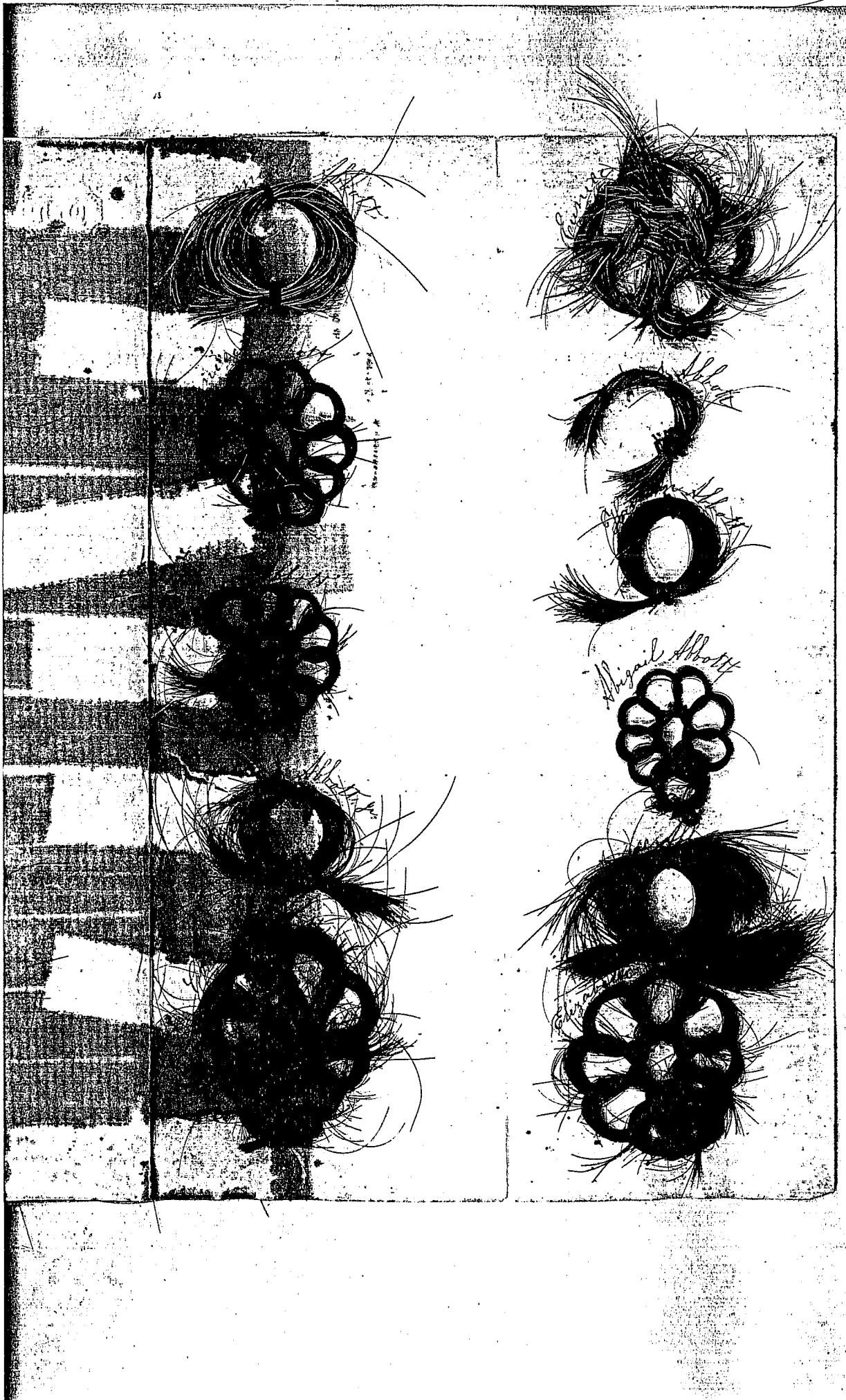
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Frank Dean

December 1991.

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February 2007.



Jeremiah Abbott  
1774 - 1857

Married  
Jan 30, 1800

Eunice Blanchard Abbott  
1778-1850

Their children:

Eunice Abbott  
1803-1867

Amos Abbott  
1812-1889

Hermon Abbott  
1814-1878

Lydia Abbott  
1806-1860

Abigail Abbott  
1816-1892

Jeremiah Abbott Jr.  
1808-1894

Isaac Abbott  
1819-1857

Chloe Abbott  
1810-1833

Elizabeth Abbott  
1821-

## LETTERS OF DR. AMOS ABBOTT

### Foreword

Dr. Amos Abbott and Miss Anstice Wilson were married just before sailing from Boston, so are enjoying their honeymoon. They are each twenty-two years of age and on their way to India, sent out by the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions to engage in educational work. They and several of their children and grand children have rendered distinguished service in India during these hundred years.

## LETTERS OF DR. AMOS ABBOTT

At Sea, Ship corvo, May 30, 1834

My dear Mother:

It is so uncertain when the mail goes, I thought it would be wise to have a letter on hand. I know of no way I can interest you more than by giving you a description of the world I live in. But on such a general subject where shall I begin? I think I will first invite you on deck. So you may come up these winding stairs, but hold on to this brass railing or you will fall. Well, now you are up, you see those three great masts to which are attached such a number of ropes, and then these great sails; it all looks like sheets and blankets hung up on dry hemlocks. You see this man here holding that wheel by which he governs the rudder. See him look on the sails and then on the compass. You must not speak to him; he does not wish to be interrupted while at the helm. This end of the ship is the stern. Now let us go towards the prow of the ship. Here you see a large cage two stories high, full of cocks and hens. They seem to be just as cheerful and sociable as though they were on land. Now come along a little further, but be

careful and not fall down the hatchway. Now we are in the middle of the ship. Just step on this long hen coop and look into this large life boat. Here you see twenty pigs. Poor little fellows; you will have to be roasted or baked to satisfy my voracious appetite. I guess I would not go any further, for perhaps you will be in the way of those sailors. Oh, we will just go round the other side of this boat, on the starboard side, and look into the cook room. That black fellow with a woolen cap on is our cook, and I do not believe there is one woman in a thousand that can cook better than he does.

Well, now if you have seen all you wish to on deck, we will look upon the mighty ocean. The water is so convex you cannot see more than about three or four miles; it looks as though we were exactly in the center of a circle whose diameter is six or eight miles. Is not this delightful? Although it appears so smooth as far as you can see, I suppose it is as uneven as it is down here close to the ship. Now do not these hills and swells of water appear as delightful as hills and swells of land? Oh, if you had been here the other evening you would have thought the ocean to have been on fire. I suppose it was occasioned by minute insects. At first it looked like sparks here and there, just like the lightning bugs-----look out

there! Do you see that blubber about as large as a pint bowl? What beautiful colors! It is a kind of fish and what you see are its sails. The sailors call it the "Portuguese Man of War". When it comes a little nearer we can see its long snakey tail, which is its cable.---Oh, here is a sight I have seen but once before. Did you see that commotion in the water? You look there steadily a minute. There, did you see that hoggish looking fish? I never saw a porpoise before last Sunday morning, when there were a lot of them. Sometimes they would jump quite out of water. The sailors would have harpooned them if it had not been Sunday.

Now come down and see our dining room. What makes you stagger so? This is nothing. Sometimes the ship rocks so that it not only makes us stagger, but everything else except what is fastened. These little rooms on the larboard side or left hand side are Mr. H's and Mr. M's. Now come around this long table and see where Anstice and I sleep. Did you ever see a prettier room of this size? It is six feet square. We should like a little more room but you see that we can hang up a great many clothes on these nails. Then under the bed we have four boxes or trunks. Some of our things are under that table. There is my fiddle and my medicine box---but our good natured steward is ringing the dinner bell,

so we will wait 'till after dinner before we look around any more. Will you take a seat here by me? That fat, long-whiskered man that asked Mr. G. to ask a blessing, is the captain. He always waits upon that end of the table and Mr. H. on this.

Now, Mother, what will you be helped to? Will you take some beefsteak, roasted pig, salt beef, porpoise or fish; or does the rocking take off your appetite so that you can't eat meat? Then take some pudding or rice, or some of these wheat cakes or ginger bread. If you can eat meat, I wish you would take some of this porpoise. I believe you would like it better than land beef. Do take something. I wish they had put on some of their bean or split pea soup. I think you would relish that if you are a little sick. I suppose that because they have such a variety and are so ceremonious and change the plate three times, you think it is because you are here, but you need not think that they notice you as much as that; this is their common style of living. This morning they had bacon and eggs, hash, cold beef, porpoise, warm bread, two kinds of crackers and I cannot tell all what, besides coffee and two kinds of tea. Now will you take an orange or an apple? I believe I shan't take any. I have eaten so much dinner I have no room. I do believe it is a sin to eat as much as I have since I set sail.



I begin to have a little better command over my appetite than I had, but I must draw the reins a little "toyter", as the sailors say. You had better, now you have done with dinner, go on deck. I always do after eating.

Does it seem here as you thought it would? I suppose we are at least eighteen hundred miles from Boston, and yet it does not seem more than five miles. Every time I come up here I see the same ocean, and it seems like the same place. The ocean has a very different appearance from what it had when we were near Boston. It now looks as blue as vitriol. It seems as if I could see Boston if I should go west as far as I can see, but if I were there I should still be in the center of the visible world. Do not think, Mother, that because I say so much about Boston that I wish to get back to the place I left. If a ship should now come along side bound for Boston, it would take more than money and more than love of friends to persuade me to return. I should like, however, to send home to let the folks know how I am situated, because I think it would be a satisfaction to them. Anstice said the other day, "Oh, I wish Mother knew how contented and happy we are; she would feel very differently." And I believe we are just as cheerful and happy as though we were on our own native shores. And why shouldn't we be?

We have friends here and Christians too. Our religious privileges are as great. Besides evening and morning prayers we have regular preaching on the Sabbath, and a prayer meeting on Wednesdays and one privilege you do not enjoy; we can get to meeting without travelling a long dusty road.

\* \* \* \* \*

Just as I was writing these lines, the captain called us to see a whale. This is the first I have ever seen. Capt. G. and the mate thought it to be fifty or sixty feet long. I thought it was a whale among small fish. Yesterday we saw a small grampus about twelve feet in length.

We are perhaps making as good progress in the Mahrati language as could be expected, considering the facilities, which are not as good as we expected, for want of suitable books. I have written this mostly after reciting while the rest are jabbering the Mahrati. I must now stop writing until the mail comes, then I will tell you where I am and send it on.

\* \* \* \* \*

Long. 35 W. Lat. 20 30 S. We came out here to take the advantage of the trade winds. We now sail South East. All in good health and spirits.

Your affectionate son,

(Signed) Amos Abbott

Ship Corvo,

Long. 52 E. Lat. 2, 20 S.

Aug. 28, 1834

Dear Sister:

Today I have written to my aunts in Andover, and this evening there is such a steady breeze and the ship rocks so little I think I will pen a few words for you. I have a mind to give you a brief sketch of the voyage; it may be somewhat interesting to you and the rest of the family.

We lost sight of land towards night on the first day of our voyage. There came up a little shower, and there was a little rain and thunder, which has been the only time I have heard thunder. We had very fine weather, though we had frequent rain, 'till we got to the line, which was on the third of July. In the evening Neptune made his appearance to initiate those of the sailors who had never crossed the line before. There were two youngsters with us that were raw hands. Such things are very foolish, and besides this they frequently get hurt. The ceremony they perform is to lather the faces of the poor fellows with tar and slush and shave them with an iron hoop. Then they have to swear to many foolish things like these: Never to go hungry when they have a good appetite and enough to eat, and swear that they will never eat brown

bread when they can get white, etc., etc.

On the fourteenth of July we spoke the ship Ericadire bound to Bahai, S. A., in which we sent our letters, but I think it very doubtful if you have received them. The day before we saw whales playing about us. One several times quite out of the water six or eight feet. We were then in Long. 34 W. and Lat. 26 S. Then taking a S. E. course we passed near the Tristan d' Cunha islands, though not in sight of them. We reached the cape on the seventy-seventh day of our voyage. After getting about opposite the cape, the wind began to blow fresh and continued to increase until it blew a gale. The sea ran very high and the spray would continually dash over the deck. Sometimes the ship would roll so much that you would think we were going to capsize. At any rate, the plates on the table would fall off, though owing to the narrow strips of boards on the sides they could not slip. So you see that she must tip so that the table must be almost perpendicular.

The ninth of August we saw a brig astern of us. She overtook us about 3 p. m. Her name was London, from Liverpool. The next day, Sunday, she was about five miles ahead of us. After sunrise she hove to, and we came up with her about 9 a.m. The master of the vessel, Capt. Pickering, came on

board our ship and as there was a pleasant breeze, the two vessels moved along together not more than a mile and sometimes half a mile apart. Capt. P. took dinner with us. The poor man was glad to get out of his brig that he might have a little peace, for he had a very bad crew. They had struck him once and the mates several times. He then had no powder on board but he spoke a vessel and obtained some. Since that time he has carried pistols with him night and day. Now what do you think was the cause of all this? It was rum, and he would have thrown it overboard if he had dared to, but they very likely would have killed him if he had.

After dinner there was a calm, the vessels were about a mile distant from each other, but the attraction was so great between them that they began to approach each other. It was in vain to spread the sails, for there was no wind. The captain was alarmed. The ship was in great danger of being dashed to pieces. They began to approach each other rapidly. There was no time to be lost. The captain ordered the stern boat to be lowered immediately to tow her off. All hands worked briskly out, but they still drew towards each other. They now were within two or three rods. The men got out their oars, poles and spars to crowd her off, when all at once she began to move in a contrary direction,

and they continued to separate 'till they were about two miles apart. Capt. P., who was all this time with us, now left us and returned to his brig.

This was the sad case of one of the sailors. His name was Philip; a bright active young man, universally beloved. He was sent up the rigging for something and came down. He then saw something out of the way and went up again, and by some means lost his hold and fell from the height of 150 or 160 feet into the water. The ship was going at the rate of six miles per hour and before the ship could be stopped she was a mile from where he fell. But he had sunk. A boat was lowered and sent to get him. They went to the place, found his hat and a plank that was thrown out at the time he fell, but he had sunk never to rise until the Judgment day.

Sunday, August 25th, before we were up we heard the captain sing out, "Land O." We were all on deck as soon as we could get dressed, and on looking west we saw the beautiful island of Madagascar. It looked very much as the mountains which you can see west, one resembled Lyndborough mountain and one the Monadnoc. We went along side of them all day and about ten or fifteen miles from them. We are not expecting to see land again 'till we get to Bombay. Ninety-four days is some time to be deprived of seeing land, but I did not care half so

much then about seeing land as I do now. We hope to get to our destined place on the 10th of September.

\* \* \* \* \*

September 10. Yesterday at noon we were about eighty miles from Bombay. This morning we saw land. About 8 o'clock we saw native boats. One came along side. At 12 a pilot came on board and at half past one we cast anchor in Bombay harbor. Went on shore at half past 3 p. m. and were conducted to Mr. S's. We for the present are staying in a house near Mr. S. at Byculla with Mr. and Mrs. G. and his sister, very pleasantly situated and never more happy. "Bless the Lord O my soul, for all His goodness unto us."

\* \* \* \* \*

Oct. 15, 1834. About a week ago the mission decided that the high school should be at Ahmednuggur, and tomorrow, if God will, my wife and I set out for that place. Distance from Bombay 165 miles. We shall go twenty-five miles by water. Perhaps you will expect I should say a few words respecting the natives, their manners and customs, dress and dispositions; but you see there is want of room. I will say, however, that if these creatures had not immortal souls I should be for embarking for America in the first ship, but as it is I have no desire to leave. Three words will tell you about

their character. "They love rupees." If by being honest they can get them faster, none will be more honest; and they would take out your eye-teeth if they could sell them for rupees. My Pundit (teacher) goes with us. We have engaged one servant as cook. I have purchased me a horse and carriage. We expect to be on the road a fortnight, nearly. We shall stop, however, a day or two at Poonah. Twelve miles in the morning and twelve in the evening will be our progress, I suppose.

I see nothing but the disposition of the natives that would render this country less desirable than America. I was altogether disappointed; it is a most delightful place in Bombay. The trees eclipse those in N. E. The grass is now green and rank, but will soon be dried up again. The trees remain green. I shall send this letter in Bombay, and write again after I get to Nugger, if I can.

Dear siter, write often; tell of the new things which take place in the family, in the neighborhood, in the town and in America. Tell everybody that we want and need hundreds of teachers here and could employ them immediately. Female teachers are wanted very much. The people are now in a rage to learn English. "The harvest here is great but the labourers are few."

Your affectionate brother,

(Signed) Amos Abbott



Wilton, May 28, 1834

Dear Sister:

How swiftly time passes and what trying scenes we have passed through. A little more than a year has passed since we were forced to part with a beloved sister and to follow her to the silent grave, and now we have been called to part with an affectionate brother, although we have not followed him to the grave, strictly speaking, yet in some respects the case appeared very similar. We shall probably never see him again in this world; distressing thought. Some people say they should rather bury him than to have him go to such a distance. Perhaps I should say the same if I thought he were influenced by no higher motive than to accumulate wealth and get a great name, as some of our neighbors have represented, but I trust he has a higher motive; that of labouring for Christ. If his life is spared we shall have the privilege of corresponding with him, which must be very interesting, and if we hear that he is labouring faithfully for the salvation of the poor heathen, we shall have reason to rejoice that he went, although the separation was painful.

I attended the wedding--most frequently it is a day of joy and happiness to the wedding party, but this was a day of sorrow and weeping. The services were very solemn and affecting; it seemed to me and to others present, like a funeral, and while we were riding with them down to Milford it seemed like going to the grave, but brother and his wife appeared cheerful and happy. It was observed by one who saw them just after they bid farewell to their friends, that they looked as happy as though they were going straight to Heaven.

I want to see you all very much; if you think I could find work enough to pay my board a month or six weeks, I should like very much to go to Andover and make a visit after Abigail comes home, which will probably be in course of two or three months. If she should go to school next winter, perhaps I should not have a better opportunity than to go the latter part of summer, if you think it best. I must close after requesting you to write the first opportunity.

Do not expose this but believe me to be yours,

L. Abbott

My grandparents, Amos Abbott and Anstice Wilson, were married May 12, 1834. Eleven days later, May 23, they sailed from Boston for India on the bark Corvo. The above letter telling of the wedding was written by Lydia Abbott to her sister Eunice Abbott; sisters of Amos Abbott.

F. W. Dean

Ahmednugger, May 12, 1835.

My dear Mother:

It is now just one year since I left the paternal roof, and it is with pleasure I look back to that time. I can truly say that notwithstanding the pain of leaving my friends and native land, and notwithstanding all the trials and self-denials I have in consequence endured, this has been the happiest year I have ever spent. O how grateful I should be for all the blessings of this year. I was safely conducted over the water, and with the exception of three weeks, have enjoyed perfect health from the time I left home. I suppose you would like to have me send a journal containing all I see and hear from day to day that is interesting. But as yet I have kept no journal. I think perhaps I may at some future time. Some of the more important and interesting occurrences I shall briefly mention.

I will begin with the 8th (eighth) of April, a day long to be remembered, as what transpired on that memorable day will not only affect us who live in India, but its influence will be felt even in America. While I am writing, the circumstances are as fresh in my mind as though it were but yesterday. And while I think what will be its effects here and also in my own native land, the

thought is almost overpowering. Yes, dear Mother, by the time this reaches you, you will most probably feel its influence. What a mighty change it will produce! And do you wish me to tell how it will affect you and even how it has already affected you? Well, I will tell you. It has raised you to the important and responsible office of Grandmother. Yes, in the morning, about half past 9 o'clock, Anstress was delivered of a fine little daughter. Now I know you will wish to know all about it. How it looks, etc., etc. But how can you know? For if I say it is pretty, you know all parents think their own pretty. Suffice it to say that I was offered for it by a native "five lacs of rupees", equal to about twenty thousand dollars. Sufficient to have made me independent. But I concluded not to take it. Most people say she looks like her "old daddy"; if that is the case, you know she must be a perfect beauty. We invited Br. Boggs and family and Br. Allen to dinner this afternoon, after which our little child was christened. The name we chose for it is Elizabeth Augusta. It so happened that the rite was performed just about exactly a year from the time that we were pronounced husband and wife. There could not have been an hour's and perhaps not a minute's difference. The service was performed by Br. Allen in Murrathee (Marathi).

Well, now I have begun to tell about young ones, I had better tell the whole story. Mrs. Hubbard has a daughter just twenty days younger than ours. Mrs. Boggs has a son about two months older. It has become quite common now for people in India to send home their children as soon as they are old enough. If we should send little Augusta home in three years from this, what assistance may we expect, and what would probably be the expense per month of bringing up a child and clothing it in America, say from three years old to twelve? It is impossible to bring up children in India without their learning everything that is bad, unless the mother devotes her whole time to them to the neglect of the duties she owes to the heathen. And if a child when young learns to lie and steal, and practice all the vices of the heathen, it is next to impossible to eradicate these habits when they become older; and nothing, I am persuaded, can do it but the renovating influence of the Holy Spirit.

I suppose you would like to know how I succeed in the language. I believe my progress has been as great as others generally has been. I begin to talk a little and in fact I talk a great deal, such as it is, but make many mistakes. I hope in a year from the time I came into the country I shall be able to make my tongue go somewhat glib.

I established a Murrathee school a few days since which promises, I think, to do well. The number of scholars increase every day. Today I have thirty-three. The teacher I employed is a person of rather more than ordinary education. He is a Brahmin and the school embraces scholars from four or five of the higher castes. I hope that I shall be able to establish two more immediately in the city and as soon as the rainy season commences (which will be in about one month) I hope to establish several in the neighboring villages.

I have just been interrupted by some respectable Brahmins. They called to see if I would instruct them a little every day in English, but for want of time I was obliged to deny them; and now I must stop short. Anstress is doing well, the little girl is as fat as butter. We still occupy the same house we did when we last wrote. We sent letters by the Corvo and also by Mr. Read in March. I received one from Abigail dated July and Anstress received some at the same time. These are the only letters we have had from **America**. We hope hereafter that we shall hear often. We shall if you will write often and send it to the Missionary rooms. I know not when there will be an opportunity of sending this, but I have an opportunity of sending to Bombay and can probably

send it by way of St. Helena. Anstress will write soon and I hope write something more interesting. Please, whenever you write, let me know if you have received letters from me, and of what date. Tell all my friends that enquire after me that I have not forgotten them that I have not written. I hope soon to be able to write them all. Anstress unites with me in much love to the two families.

Your affectionate son,

(Signed) Amos

When you write I wish you would write particulars; little family concerns, and everything of the kind.-----Well, really I think you will have to employ and interpreter, but never mind, you have plenty of time. So write often; I feel very anxious to hear from you. I hope I shall hear that you are all well and happy.

A. A.

July 2nd. All well.

A. A.

From Mrs. Amos (Anstress) Abbott  
To Miss Abigail Abbott, Wilton, N. H.  
U. S. A.

Ahmednuggur, Sept. 9th, 1838

My dear sister Abigail:

I have an opportunity of writing now which I will not neglect. I have tried for a long time to get a letter ready to send you. When the time comes for sending I now have half my letters completed. We have had the pleasure of seeing several from you, for which I do feel exceedingly grateful. I wish you would write oftener. You don't know how pleasant it is for us to hear from those we love in our distant land. How much more pleasant your society would be to us. But pleasant as it would be, I fear we shall be denied it in this world. I often find myself musing upon this loved strain; if sister Abigail has given her heart and services to her Saviour, perhaps she will come some day to India and live with us. I do not mean without an other self. No, I cannot advise you or anyone to do so. If in the wide world a true friend, guardian and protector are needful, I think surely it is in a heathen land. I am sure it would be a comfort to all my dear friends if they knew how happy your dear brother makes my home. Tho' separated from all, it is a home of comfort and delight.



If one could travel without expense and time, I should earnestly insist upon your coming and seeing how happy we are. But oh, the wide ocean is between us, which will not contract at the command of our wishes.

My dear A., you will learn from a letter to my mother how that it has pleased the Lord to afflict us by taking away our little infant of three days. She was a sweet pretty child. Her features did not much resemble either of us, but her form was like Mr. Abbott's. We all loved her even in the short space of three days. She gained too much of my heart. Happy spirit; she is taken from the evil to come. I know too that this affliction was designed to wean my heart from a too strong attachment to the objects of this world. We named her Abigail for you. That time was a solemn time with me. You will learn more particularly in my letter to my mother about us.

Elizabeth grows nicely and enjoys good health most of the time. She improves well in reading and is a dear little companion for me. I prize her the more as Mr. Abbott is out in the school most of the day.

I hope you will write us often and give particular accounts of our families to whom present our kindest love. Mr. Abbott joins in a great

deal of love to you. He speaks of you very often  
and thinks of you oftener.

Believe me, my dear sister,

Yours Affect'ly,

Anstress Abbott

From Amos Abbott  
To Mrs. Eunice (Jeremiah) Abbott  
Wilton, New Hampshire, U. S. A.

Ahmednuggur, July 12, 1839

My dear Mother:

I have the pleasure of acknowledging your letter of November 18th, 1838. I sincerely thank you for all the news it contained. I wish all my friends who write would fill their sheets with news. I am now able to say that we have got a regular way of communication from and to America via the Red Sea. Now I wish to propose one thing and hope you all will agree to it. It will save you trouble and I shall hear from you regularly. The plan is. Let someone (perhaps by turns) of Father Abbott's family write in the months of Jan., May and Sept., and Father Wilson's family write in the months of March, July and Nov. Pay the postage as far as New York and direct the letters as on the enclosed paper, and I will write every other month alternately to some one in Father A's and W's family and pay the postage to England, which is about eighty-seven cents. These letters must weigh only as much as one rupee, or a trifle more than two twenty-cent pieces. If they weigh more, the postage will be double. I

intend sending you a rupee; till then make two twenty-cent pieces the standard. You will recollect that this has reference only to letters sent via England and the Red Sea. Besides these, write lots of letters and send to the Rooms as heretofore.

I will now proceed to answer your letter.. The account you give of our church distresses me. Mr. Richardson also wrote me a little before you did. He gives a somewhat different account, but I have no doubt both tried to give a faithful and correct one. You ask me if I call my mother "a mad Abolishionist"? I answer that men are mad or insane when they give up reason and candor and act under the impulse of emotion or passion. Now, as you have carefully examined the subject, in connection with the bible too, how could you for a moment imagine that I could be so unjust and disrespectful? I exceedingly regret that I have ever mentioned the subject of slavery in my letters and intend hereafter to be silent. Because I see that I have fallen into the same error that the Abolishionists have; viz. that what I have written, instead of doing good has wounded feelings and rendered my friends less likely to think properly and candidly on the subject. You seem to have mistaken my views of slavery altogether. I am an Abolishionist.

I hate slavery and I would encourage any and every measure that I thought would put an end to slavery. It is, I believe, hateful in the sight of God. Now what is to be done? Will it be pleasing to God because we have afflicted the poor Negro, to cease afflicting in this way and afflict him still more in a new way? Certainly not. Then let us pity the poor slave and endeavor to make him reparation for the wrong we have done him. Will releasing them in their present state, from their obligations to their masters, do that? I think they should now be put into a state of preparation to become free. Look at their extent of knowledge, their incapacity to take proper care of themselves. They are all in practical points of view children, needing a father or guardian.

Now let us look at your main argument and we will take the same illustration. Suppose I had been stolen from you when a child and sold to a master, and suppose I was deprived of all religious instruction and suppose there were thousands around me in the same situation. Food and clothing enough, kept hard to work, beaten (unmercifully, if you please) for trifling faults and for supposed faults. You hear of your son's condition and surely "you would ask your friends if something could not be

done" and you would have a right to expect they would sympathize with you and do all in their power. Now comes the rub. What shall be done? Your friends are not agreed. Some say send them back from where they came and those that cannot be sent back, put them under good religious instruction. Teach them to read and write and as soon as they are so advanced that they can take care of themselves, give them their liberty. "No", says the other party. "Slavery is wrong; therefore turn them all loose at once and let us do our duty and God will take care of the consequences." The other side replies, "If you turn them out at once you will certainly ruin them; after being under restraint so long, if at once set free they will run into all manner of excess, drunkenness and riot." Your friends get angry. One quotes the bible, so does the other. One says you have done nothing yet (except to liberate some few hundred) and are not likely to "do anything more noble". The other says you have not only done nothing, but are just doing all you can to hinder us from doing what little good we have a heart to do.

While they are quarreling, your poor son is at his task in cruel bondage. Now, dear Mother, suppose the two parties should agree to leave it to

your choice which course should be pursued with regard to your son. Which would you recommend? Would you turn your poor ignorant son with all the unchecked passions, human nature is his too, and all the temptations that surround him--would you thus turn him at once upon the cold world, or would you rather have him serve six years longer (see Exodus 21st chapter) and in that time oblige the master to procure him the means of learning to read and write and permit him to attend on the means of grace that might be enjoyed in his town. Take your time. You cannot have your son returned to you, for "that is not practicable"--so say anti-colonizationists.

I now come to a part of your letter which grieved me to the heart. To be accused of a want of veracity and honesty, and this by an affectionate mother, is trying. I can easily bear the scoffs and ridicule and abuse of the natives while I am trying to do them good. I can bear the thought of never seeing my friends in this world, but I cannot bear my own dear mother accusing me of a want of truth and honesty without feeling exceedingly grieved. The sentence in your letter I refer to is the following: "By what I have seen and heard, I feel it to be of great

importance to bring up children to strict integrity, that when they become ministers or teachers they may more easily hold to the truth and be honest in their dealings." (Mother alluded to Rev. W. Richardson, to what he had said and done and its results to the church, without any doubt. A. A. )

I at first tried to think you had reference to Dr. R. A., as you had just been speaking of him. But as he is neither preacher nor teacher, you could not have referred to him. Dear Mother, if you have seen anything in me or heard anything which leads you to think that I am dishonest or do not adhere to the truth, will you not have the goodness to tell me? Do have the compassion to tell me, that if true I may know my faults and if false that I may free your mind from such unpleasant reflections. If you desire my happiness, will you not tell me in the next letter you write? I endeavor to be honest in all my dealings and to speak the truth and I can form no idea of what you refer to. I know I am careless and in my letters I often leave out an "and" or "the" and may give a sense that I do not intend to give. Whenever you see my errors, I beg you will frankly point them out. You taught me to esteem those my best friends who will tell me my faults, and I thank



you for your instruction. I often think of the obligations I am under for your good instructions and regret that I have not profited more by them. But I have not forgotten all, and trust I never shall.

Some three months ago I heard that a box for me had arrived at Columbo and I guessed it was cheese. June 11th I had the pleasure of seeing the said box put down at my door. I opened it, not so much to find something eatable, as to find something from home. I was truly cheese hungry, but as it had been more than a year on its way I thought it must be in a gone case. Well, off came the cover. What, no cheese? After taking off a few books, there laid the precious treasure. I took it out and will venture to say there never was its equal in India. Fresh as possible. All the pores filled with butter. At that time cheese was selling at the enormous price of one dollar and fifty cents per pound!!! But we will not sell this for any price. Cheese here usually brings from thirty to fifty cents a pound. Too dear for our folks.

I enclose some impressions of leaves of trees which grew in my garden, for Sister Abigail.

Since I last wrote we have had glorious

times. Two young Brahmins have, we trust, been brought into the kingdom of Christ. They appear very well. It produced a tremendous excitement in town and the villages about. Their lives for a while were in jeopardy. A hundred or more came to carry them off by force, but Mr. Ballantine and I prevented it. They tried to frighten us and when they did not succeed, they tried to make us angry, but succeeded no better. They used all the abusive language they could think of and were quite vexed to think we kept cool. This however had a good effect; some of them have since confessed that they were ashamed of their conduct and many more show it. They afterward met together to consult what to do and passed the following:

Resolutions: 1st--No Brahmin boy shall attend the schools of the missionaries. 2nd--No Brahmin shall serve the missionaries in any capacity. 3rd--No Brahmin shall go to the houses of the missionaries. 4th--Any Brahmin acting contrary to the above regulations shall be regarded as outcaste.

I met some of them the next day and told them they were very foolish to make regulations they could not carry into effect; that I would take a handful of bright rupees and hold them up and shake them and lots of Brahmins would run to our service.

In a few days four of my servants concluded to remain in my service and were accordingly turned out of cast. In a few days Brahmins began to make their calls as usual. Some of our schools which were then stopped are now in operations. The Brahmin boys are coming back to our school and we expect nearly all back soon. It was remarkable that during all this excitement not one of the boys of the seminary left. It continues to flourish. Brahmins are now asking for service. Thus their councils have been brought to naught by a stronger hand than theirs.

We are now looking every day for the new missionaries who sailed the first of April. Two of them will probably be stationed here at Ahmednuggur.

Do you see or hear anything from poor Hubbard? I fear he never knew what religion is and I should not be surprised to hear that he had become a poor miserable drunkard and a curse to his wife. Let me know if you hear anything of him.

Our mission has had another trial. Mr. Stone and wife have become Episcopalians and gone out from us. Mr. G. W. Boggs and wife have gone to America on account of her health. Thus we are reduced as to members but our strength is in God. Our mission is in a happy state. I believe all

are united in love and effort. We are enjoying good health. Our little girl is growing well. She talks a great deal about her grandmama. When I ask her when she will go to America, she always says when papa and mama goes then I will go. Anstress understands bringing up children and I think there are no three persons who live more happily than we do. What would people think if we should in the course of four or five years go to America, visit our friends and return? Would our friends wish to see us? The object to be gained would be to see our friends, and get a renewal of strength.

I could be laboring all the time for the Hindoos in preparing books and etc., which must be prepared. We are forming no plans about going home and probably never shall, and yet we may. Dear Mother, write me often and believe me your affectionate son,

Amos

P. S. When you write letters to be sent to the Rooms, direct them as usual, but when they are to be sent by the steamer, then be very careful to direct as on the enclosed paper. The steamers have heretofore been irregular and I fear that my letters have been a long while on the way. As soon as I hear that you approve of the plan of

communication I shall commence writing; you may expect to receive letters in sixty or seventy days after they leave Bombay. I should say seventy or seventy-five days. You will recollect to pay the postage as far as New York and I have made arrangements to pay the rest of the way.

Anstress and Augusta unite in love to you and all the family, also to Father Wilson's family.

A. Abbott

From Amos Abbott  
To Mrs Eunice (Jeremiah) Abbott  
Wilton, New Hampshire, U. S. A.

Mahaburleshwur Hills, May 15th, 1840

My dear Mother:

Yours of Jan. 26th I had the pleasure of receiving on the 11th inst. The letter was somewhere delayed. We shall generally get our letters in about seventy days. If the Halifax Steamer line is running, you can hereafter send your letters to Boston instead of New York. You can send to some friend in a wrapper to Boston, requesting him to forward the letter by the Halifax line of steamers, or you can give directions on your letter and send by mail to Boston. We have now another house of agency in London and I enclose a bit of paper telling you how to direct your letters. I will give you two ways and you may take either as you think best.

I now return to your letter. I was very glad to hear that the family are all well. I could hardly have expected it. It is now six years and three days since I left home, and out of nine individuals there has been no death or distressing sickness. The Lord be praised. Your account of our little church distresses me....What will become of it? Is it not a greater disgrace for a church

to live in such a state than it is for the country to tolerate even slavery? I like what you say this time on the slavery question. You wish to do the blacks real good. This is just what every Christian should do. And we must let every conscientious Christian take his own way to effect this. If we see one casting out the devil, we must not forbid him because he follows not us. Any way to get the devil out and keep him out. He is a sly old fellow. No sooner did we try to get him out of the South, than he comes into New England. I will now tell you how Mr. Graves told the natives yesterday how to cast out the devil. He says, "If you make a box and put nothing in, what will be in the box?" Some said "nothing", some said "air". He then asked how the air could be got out of the box. One foolish fellow thought it could be emptied or dipped out. Others thought it could not be done. He told them it could be done and tried to have them think, but they could not make it out. He then told them that they had nothing more to do than fill the box with something else. He then told them that their minds were boxes of unclean thoughts and they could not by any means be emptied or dipped out, the only way was to fill them up with something good. Now perhaps this idea may suggest to your mind some plan

of getting the devil out of our church. What good thing can you think of with which to fill all the minds of the church?

You ask if the box you sent had arrived? I suppose it has. Wednesday night there was an American vessel coming into the harbor. Tomorrow we shall hear all about it. I hope to have letters, etc. etc. I am very glad to hear about the neighbors. I wish you would give a more particular account. You have never said anything about your nearest neighbors, the Steels. Is Mr. L. Steel as wide awake as ever, and what has become of his children? Where are all the boys and girls that went to our district school?

I must tell you now how I came to be at this place with my family. My children have suffered a good deal from cough. Little Anstress has suffered very much but has improved from this change; so has Elizabeth. Mrs. Abbott was also feeble when in Ahmednuggur, but has become quite another person by coming to the Hills. We did not like to leave our work two months, but were advised to do so. We expect to leave this for Ahmednuggur on the ----. We are all now in good health. About our going home; all will depend on circumstances. Should my children live till Elizabeth is ten years old and we are alive then,



you may expect me. E. is now five years old. I should probably remain at home about one year. I have enjoyed myself and can say the same for wife, better this year than any former year, and if we go home it will either be on account of our children or health. Tell Father that I shall wish to board with him six months and work for my board to harden my constitution.

18th. . . The ship has come in but no letters nor anything for us. Now believe me this once, nothing has tried our feelings so much as the silence of our friends. Why do you not write oftener? Surely among all our fathers, mothers, brothers and sisters I have a right to expect a letter once a month, but now five or six months elapse before we get letters. I can assure you it is a greater trial to be thus neglected than it was to leave my country and come to India. We are willing to labor here, to spend and be spent. We are willing, if need be, to be forever separated from our friends on earth, but with all this, will you not give us this consolation of hearing from you often? Why do not Isaac and Elizabeth write? Surely they do not regard me any longer as a brother. How cheerful and happy it would make us if every time the steamer arrives it should bring us a

letter from "home sweet home", or even once in two months and everytime an American ship arrives bring us files of the Farmer's Cabinet or any other paper you take. Packages of pamphlets and anything of the kind. It is so common for people to complain, that you will probably think I have done so merely to fill out my letter, but it is not so.

Now I will give you an account of a discovery that I made about three months ago. You will probably remember that Jeremiah once brought home some ink paper on which you wrote with a bodkin or stilleto. I will now give you a recipe for making if not the same, what is equally as good.

Take hard, clean white soap and scrape it into fine scrapings, then add an equal portion of lamp balck. Mix them well together with cold water a little at a time. The best thing to do this with is a small paint brush or a shaving brush. After you have stirred it about a half hour and it is of about the consistency of porridge, you lay it on thin strong paper a little at a time. When the paper is dry, go over with it again. Four or five times will be sufficient. In order to fill the pores of the paper you must dab it in. When it is dry it is fit for use. Beside using it for writing, I will tell you some other ways it may be

used. To draw off a picture from a book you have only to lay under it a white paper and over both lay the picture, then trace the picture. Under all, however, you must have something hard and smooth like a tin sheet. With this paper you can take patterns of lace, etc. But one of its greatest uses is in drawing maps. Put the ink on the back side of the map, it will not injure it at all, then lay it on clean paper and trace your map. If it is not quite distinct enough, you can go over the work with pen and ink. I think sister Abigail will value this discovery. If you think you could sell it so as to make it profitable, you might do so and let the avails go towards my seminary. If you cannot sell it, then you can make known the discovery.

I must now close. I hope to write to sister Eunice next month unless I have time to write tomorrow. I shall try again and send seeds when I have a good opportunity. I was very unfortunate before. I think I will send these in a bottle.

Give our united love to all the family and to all the neighbors that know us. Let me know how long this is on the way. I hope you will get this by the first of August. Tell me if your postage is too great a tax. Do not be afraid of loading me with postage. Make your letters weight about one-half a dollar, not more.

I am your affectionate son,

A. Abbott

From Amos Abbott  
To Miss Abigail Abbott  
Wilton, New Hampshire, U. S. A.

Ahmednuggur, April 1841

My dear Sister Abigail:

Yours of the 24th of January, 1841, reached me on the 23rd of April; just three months minus one day. Your letter found me in very much the situation you were when you wrote it. I was preparing for an examination of my school which takes place at 11 o'clock Monday. I then have a vacation of a few days which I intend to spend on a hill fort about eleven miles from Ahmednuggur. I was very glad to get a letter from you for I had begun to feel that my friends, my brothers and sisters, even, had forgotten me. If you knew how happy it made us to receive letters from home you would write at least once in two months. I do not say this because it is the fashion, but I feel it. And Mrs. Abbott is sadly grieved that her friends do not write to her. She has not heard from them for more than a year. I am sure they would not be so unkind to her if they thought how she must feel. I beg you will intreat them to write if they have still the least regard for her feelings.

And now I must say a few things about your letters. Do not take it unkindly. I have three or

four faults to point out, and 1st; you left a good deal of blank paper on your sheet. This I hope you will never do again. Fill your sheet chuck full. 2nd--You are not particular enough in speaking of the family. For instance, I do not know from your letter whether my father and mother are sick or well, dead or alive, in Wilton or in China. I know nothing where my brothers and sisters are or what they are doing. And as to dear Father Wilson's family, I have not heard for a year and a half whether any of them are alive. I would willingly pay a dollar for just this line--"Capt. David Wilson's family are all well." I take it for granted that Father Abbott's family are well or you would have said something about it. 3rd--Your letter was not written soon enough. I ought to have had by this time at least three letters.

There now, I have done finding fault and will go on to say that I was very much gratified with the account you give of your school. You certainly deserve much credit for your exertions to raise its character. I am also very glad to see that you take pains to improve your own mind. I should like very much to study with you. I thank you for particulars about the neighbors. I should like to see them all. Tell Mr. Steele I thank him

for his kind remembrance of me. Altho' he is "the same old sixpense yet", he must remember that the "coin" will soon be changed; and if the stamp of his coin will not pass in the next country whither he is bound, he had better get it changed soon!

The principal of the female seminary, T. D. P. Stone, is, perhaps you know, an old friend of mine. Did he ever inquire after me? Please send me his little book which tells people "How to Think". I thank you for letting me know about the box of starch and letters. I feared it might have been sent by the ship "North Star" which we have just learned has sunk near the coast of Africa. Many of our mission had boxes and letters on board of her. I think as a general thing you had better send all letters by Liverpool. Direct your letters hereafter in the following manner. If you have anyone

- - - - -	Per over land mail to India	-	in Boston who
-	via Falmouth	-	will willing-
-	A. Abbott, Esq.	-	ly take the
-	Bombay,	-	trouble of
-	care of McGregor Stewart & C.	-	paying the
-	Liverpool	-	postage and
- - - - -	Per Hallifax line of Steamers	-	

putting the letter on board and sending a bill to you yearly, I should like it much. I think the store-keeper in Wilton would be able to do this kindness for

you. I hope soon, however, to make arrangements with someone in Boston so that all you will have to do will be to enclose your letter to him, paying the postage to Boston, and I will settle all accounts. I shall in this way get letters in less than two months. When you have all read this letter I wish you to send it to Father Wilson's. Let me know if Hermon gets the newspaper I send him every month, and if I shall continue to send it. Do you get the reading of the New York Observer? If not I hope you will. It comes to Ahmednuggar in the overland mail.

I want you should in your next let me know about each one of the family. What acquirements has Isaac and Elizabeth made? Why do they not write me? I want Hermon to write one month and you the next, or at least someone in the family write every month. I want to know every little thing about Home.

April 26th. This has been a fatiguing day. The examination commenced at 11 o'clock and continued till two. The boys gave a very good examination but we had but few spectators; about seventy five. I expected one hundred or one hundred and fifty. It is now nine o'clock in the evening and all is quiet. Tomorrow I take my family to

Mungul, a hill fort about eleven miles from this. The thermometer here in the middle of the day is at about 102 and 103 degrees. At this time in America I presume it is not warmer than 75 degrees. I suppose we shall have one month more of hot weather and then the rains will set in.

My scholars now number about seventy. Some of my older boys assist me in teaching the lower classes, and I have one native assistant, Dajaba, of whom you have probably heard. I find it very laborious work to teach so many boys and keep them in order. I think they make good progress in their studies generally. I have sent home for two dozen of Euclid and shall put my boys at it when they come. They are fond of mathematics. I have just revised my arithmetic that I published four years ago. I have many things in it which is not found in other arithmetics, and to put your algebra to the test I will give you my rule for squaring numbers and hope you will send me the algebraic expression by which I obtained the rule. It is this:

Square each figure, setting down the squares in order, one after the other. If the square of any figure does not occupy two figures, its place must be supplied with a cipher; then



taking the right hand figure of the root, double it and multiply it into all the figures in the root, at the left. Do the same with each figure of the root, setting down the first figure of the product under the tens place of its multipliers square..

The sum of all this will be the square of the number.

Take for example---(234) equals 40916  
184

Here the upper line contains 12

the square of each figure. 54756 ans.

Then taking twice the right-hand figure in the root= 8, multiply it 3 then by two. Then take twice the next figure= 6 and multiply it by two. With a little practice you will find this rule much shorter than any that has been given to the public. If you give me the algebraic formula I will give you some more mathmatics next time.

Give my love to all the neighbors. Mrs. A. unites in much love to yourself and to Father and Mother and brothers and sisters. After you have read this and the rest of the family, please send it to Father Wilson's. Never fail to let me know how long my letters are on the way; let me know what postage you have to pay on this. Upon second thought, you had better direct your letter as I have directed and then do it up in another small piece of paper and direct on the outside and pay the postage to

Boston. I will write to Mr. Anderson telling him that I have told my friends to send their letters in this way:

-----  
-  
- R. Anderson, D. D. -  
-  
- Mission House -  
-  
- Boston -  
-  
-----

Let my aunts in Andover and all of my brothers and sisters know how to direct their letters to me.

Believe me your affectionate brother,

Amos

From Elizabeth Augusta Abbott  
To Miss Abigail Abbott,  
Wilton, New Hampshire, U. S. A.

47

Ahmednuggur, Aug. 11th, 1843

My Dear Aunt:

We were very glad to receive a letter from you and hope you will write often, because we love to hear from **home**. And we like to write to you. I wish to see you very much and hope to see you sometime. I do love you my dear aunt.

Today we went to a wedding in the Chapel; the man's name is Narayan and the woman's name is Gumma.

Papa has about forty-five boys in his school. They study English and Marathee. Some of them are naughty and some of them are good. Our boys are learning trades. Some are learning tailor's work. Some are learning carpenter's work. Some are learning blacksmith's work. Some are learning to make ropes, some make ink, some make inkstands, some mean to learn to weave. They work when out of school. The tailors in this country have a very dirty habit. It is this: When they cut out the clothes and mark off the cloth, they rub it on their dirty skin near the ear.

Mama is going to make some guava sauce. It is very nice. I love it very much. I will tell you how to make it. We take the seeds all out,

then weigh the fruit and just as many pounds as there is in the fruit, just so many pounds of sugar must we take. We put the fruit into the sugar and stew it, after the sugar has been cleaned and boiled.

Papa has gone this morning to some villages to visit his schools. He will come back tomorrow, Sept. 19th. We sent some letters to America in the July steamer, which was wrecked near Aden. All our letters are lost. I wrote a long letter to Grandmother Wilson which is lost, but I hope that this letter will not be lost.

I have a pretty little goat. Mrs. Byne, a friend of ours, gave it to me. Her name is Nanny; her colour is black and white. When I go out into the fields I take her with me.

In my prayers I do pray for you. I have finished my little Phylosophy and now I am learning Smith's Grammar and read English in the Bible with my Mama and my sister Anna and a little girl who lives at our house. I cannot write much; we are all well. Give my love to grandfather and grandmother and all my uncles and cousins.

Your affectionate niece,

Elizabeth Augusta Abbott

From Amos Abbott  
To Miss Abigail Abbott,  
Wilton, New Hampshire,  
U. S. A.

49

Ahmednuggur, Sept. 22nd, 1843

My Dear Sister Abigail:

To please Augusta I have allowed her to write, and trust you will excuse me if I cross-write what she has written. We experienced a sad loss by the wreck of the July steamer. Our friends will wonder at our negligence until you can hear that we have written and that the letters were lost.

Mrs. Abbott wrote to my sisters Emily and Eunice and I wrote to my father and mother. We sent several letters to other friends. I have just read over your letters of January 23, 1841 and May 1st, 1843. How much I wish I could see you! I think you must be happy engaged in school and surrounded by your friends. You can never realize what great privileges you enjoy till you have been made to sacrifice your dear home and native hills, and till you have seen the dreadful condition of heathen families. If I could live among my friends and have the same opportunities which I now have for teaching the poor heathen, how pleasant my lot would be. But no sacrifices are too great to make for our adorable Redeemer.

It is a great blessing that He has afforded me so many opportunities of denying myself of comforts for Him. No one in Christian lands who knew and felt the wants of a heathen people would regard it anything but a pleasure to leave home and friends to teach them. At least so I think. I do not do much and cannot, besides attending to the instruction of my children and my domestic affairs. Yet I hope I am not utterly worthless..

Mrs. Abbott and Mrs. Ballantine have gone to a near village to attend a gatia today. They took books to distribute and will be engaged all day in preaching to the people. After the monsoon which will close in a week or ten days more, we mean to take tents and live a month or two in some near village. Mr. Burgess is going to move next week into his new house, which is just across the road from our house. The boarding school will then come partly under his care.

A ship arrived last week with an abundance of papers, pamphlets and some books for our mission and apparatus for our school. I do not want for good books to read. I am now reading Wayland on responsibility. I think it is an excellent work. It will do a great deal of good, I am almost sure.

Among our new books is one which I anticipate abundant pleasure in reading; Harris'

"Great Commission". Have you read his work called "Mammon"? . . . I prize Abbercrombie's works very highly. Not long ago I read his "Moral Phylosophy". I should be glad to read his later works. I suppose you have read all about the great religious movements in Scotland and also about the Anseyite goings on in England the political excitements in Ireland and the taking of some of the islands of the ocean by the French and English. All these things will tend to diffuse the principles of our blessed religion, I have no doubt.

I have come to the end of my paper and have not begun to say what I wanted to. I must wait till another time. Mrs. Abbott will add a few lines. Please give my love to all the family and write as soon as you get this. The more particular you are in every information, the better it will please us.

Affectionately,

A. Abbott

Dear Sister Abigail:

My wife thinks I did not answer your inquiries about the girl that we wished to give an opportunity to leave her parents. The facts of the case are these: The girl was of age according to law and should have had her freedom, and another circumstance was that the parents threatened

to marry her against her will to a heathen man.  
Now I think it plain that when a person arrives of age they have a right to leave their parents when they cannot worship God according to the dictates of conscience while living with these parents..  
And when they are under age I think they should as soon as they come to years of discretion, be allowed liberty of conscience but not liberty of person; if liberty of conscience can be obtained without it..  
This is a difficult subject, as I cannot give my views in full on this bit of paper. . . . I should be glad to write you longer and propose several subjects. I trust I shall sometime see you and then there will be an opportunity for a good deal of discussion. Let me hear from you often.

Your affectionate brother,

Amos Abbott

I have just received a work from America called "Parks' Pantology". I should like very much to have you get it if you feel able. It will show you what is to be learned and how and where to get information on the various subjects which have been studied.

A. A.



From Amos Abbott  
To Mrs. Eunice (Jeremiah) Abbott  
Wilton, New Hampshire, U. S. A.

Ahmednuggur, June 15th, 1844

My dear Mother:

It is a long time since I have heard anything from home and I suppose you think it a great while since you have heard from us. I should like much to write oftener, but must govern myself somewhat by the letters I get from home. It will not do for me to write more than two before receiving one from the person to whom I write, and with a few exceptions I adhere to my rule to answer all my letters and wait for a reply. Since you have heard from us we have had a good deal of sickness in our family but we have all been mercifully preserved. All of the children with the exception of the youngest, had the measles. Chloe had them very severely. After this recovery Chloe had a severe attack of dysentary which again brought her very low. In each of these sicknesses we then considered her recovery very doubtful. We took our family to Bombay where we spent the hot season on the seashore. This change proved beneficial and altho' Chloe is not so well and strong as before her sickness, she is improving. We spent nearly two months in Bombay and saw many Christian friends and had a pleasant

time; as pleasant a time as we could expect away from our home and work. The journey back and forth was long and fatiguing. Only 162 miles but the mode of traveling is such that we could only go about twelve miles a day, sometimes twenty-four miles. While in Bombay the cholera was fearful; but very few recovered. Most died within twelve hours after the attack. We were glad to get out of Bombay on account of this sickness. Some of the cases were peculiarly melancholy. One wealthy fashionable lawyer's wife one day, or rather one night, at a ball dancing till 3 o'clock in the morning and the next day was to have a great dinner party. Some of the party came at the appointed hour and were informed as they drove up to the door that the lady died of the cholera a few hours before. In the mission boarding school in Bombay three of the girls died of cholera. This school was under the care of Mrs. Hume. After this Mr. and Mrs. Hume took their family up to Khandalla at the top of the Ghants where it is cool, and as this was on our way to Ahmednuggur we followed them in two or three days and staid with them a fortnight. Before we reached them their little one was seized with cholera and died and another one was so sick that they did not expect it would live, but it did recover. We would remember with gratitude the goodness of God in preserving us

all and permitting us to reach our home in safety amidst all the dangers we had to pass through. When we had reached Ahmednuggur within fourteen miles, another circumstance took place which showed that we had a kind hand protecting us on our way. We could not all go in one carriage so we in the afternoon sent on the baby and one of the other children with the wet nurse and an old woman who takes care of the children, and we came on afterwards in the horse carriage. We overtook the ox cart just about sundown, when our little girl begged we would take her out and let her ride with us, as the ox cart was rather tiresome for children we let her come and thought we would put Augusta in the cart but she appeared very unwilling to go in it, so we let all three ride with us. After we had passed them and got out of sight they were attacked by robbers. There were six or eight men with swords, knives and cudgels. The man who drove the oxen thought he could make me hear and so come and protect them, so he called out, but the robbers soon taught him better manners. A cut with a sword stilled him. They then pulled him down and held the sword over his throat, telling him it would be instant death if he attempted to make any noise. They robbed him of all he had, then pulled out the women and my little boy out of the cart, took the boy away

from the nurse and laid him down on the ground, stripped the women of their ornaments and their clothing and then gave back their clothing they wore and made off. The little boy was not hurt at all and was the only one that did not seem frightened half to death. We could not but feel thankful that none of the older children were in the cart. We have done what we can toward apprehending the robbers but they are free yet. The country at present seems to be full of robbers, so much so that traveling is very unsafe. The government is trying to put them down, but I fear it will be some time before the country is as quiet and safe as it was a year ago.

We have no particular news here that you will feel much interested in. Our mission operations are as usual, there are a few inquiries and three individuals are desirous of uniting with the church. All the members of the mission are in their usual health. Mr. Burgess, however, has been very feeble for a long time. His little boy has been dangerously sick, but is getting better. He is staying with us. Mrs. A. has the entire charge of him, so we have with him five children. Mrs. A. has just commenced a school composed of the children of native converts and we hope good will result.

Under the head of political news I might mention the recall of the Governor General. His love of war has got the country into a quite unsettled state and he has offended the people at home. The new Governor is to be Sir Henry Harding. The Punjab country is in a dreadful state of anarchy, the peaceable inhabitants suffer every indignity from the soldiers that their base passions can suggest; civil war is going on and when it will end no one can foresee. You can have little idea of the oppression that the Hindoos living under a native king have to endure. And even here under the very nose of the English authorities in Ahmednuggur there is a system of oppression going on that would astonish anyone who is not well acquainted with the Hindoo mind. In the native courts here justice and injustice can be bought and sold as well as any other merchandise. A case is now undergoing investigation where a man in the employ of the government got a dislike to an individual. He employed a friend of influence and hired witnesses and they charged the poor man with stealing. They took a piece of silk cloth bought for the purpose, carried it to the house and then found it there. The person was tried for theft, condemned and after that the conspiracy was made known.

The Hindoos are very cunning. They cannot trust a person unless they know of some crime that the individual is guilty of and which they can prove. They then feel safe in confiding anything to him, he understanding very well that if he betrays them they will at once expose his guilt.

We have just heard of the death of Mrs. Allen. This is the third wife he has buried. We saw her for the first time when we were in Bombay and were much pleased with her, and we hoped that she would make a useful missionary. They were married only five or six months ago. We are often reminded of our mortality. How strange it is that since I came to this country all of your great family have been preserved from death. We cannot expect it will continue so long. May we all be prepared when our time shall come.

My wife and Augusta unite with me in much love to yourself, to Father and all the brothers and sisters. Remember us also to such of the neighbors as remembers us. We should like to see you all very much, but it is quite as uncertain as ever when we shall see America.

Your affectionate son,

Amos A.

From Elizabeth Augusta Abbott  
To Mrs. Eunice (Jeremiah) Abbott  
Wilton, New Hampshire, U. S. A.

Ahmednuggur, Oct. 29, 1844

My dear Grand Mother:

I do not know whether I ever wrote to you or not, but I will now begin a letter to you. I wish to see you very much. Mother is writing to Grandfather Wilson. Now I will tell you the history of what we do every day. We get up early in the morning, then dress and have our prayers and then go into Mother's bedroom to ask her if we may go to walk, then we put on our bonnets and call the man who goes with us in the morning. He calls the carriage then we and the man go on the road south of our house. After a while Mother comes in the carriage. Then we sit in the carriage and finish our drive. We come back, wash our hands and face then have our prayers with Papa and Mama, sit down and eat our breakfast. Then we get our Bible and read in Ezekiel, then Mama says bring your books. I bring my spelling book and arithmetic, Anna brings her catechism and spelling book. Afterwards I attend to writing. Then Mama give us our sewing. We go to bathe, then we finish our sewing. Then I read in a book called "Political Economy" to Mama and Anna brings her Child's Guide.

Then it is twelve o'clock and we go to play, then at two o'clock we have our dinner. Then I get my geography lesson and Anna gets her spelling lesson and reads again in the Child's Guide. We go out to ride or walk about six o'clock and after supper and prayers go to bed.

Give my love to Grandfather Abbott and Grandfather Wilson and Grand Mother Wilson and all my uncles, aunts and cousins and accept the same yourself. Papa and Mama and sisters send love to you.

Your affectionate grand daughter,  
Elizabeth Augusta Abbott



From Elizabeth Augusta Abbott  
To Miss Lidia Abbott,  
Wilton, New Hampshire, U. S. A.

Ahmednuggur, Dec. 25th, 1844

My dear Aunt Lidia:

I thank you for the kind letter you wrote to me. This is the first letter I ever had from America. I often think of you. We think it very funny that Abby Eliza is allmost as fat as she is long. I am so glad you had an opportunity of writing to me. All I know about you is what papa and mama tell me and I know something from the letters you send papa and mama. There is something in Chloë like Cousin Willis; she asks mama often what to do.

Chloë is having to read. She reads in a little book called the child's picture defining and reading book. Anna reads in the new testament, also with me in the old testament. She studies catechism and spelling. I learn arithmetic, Peter Pavley's geography and read in a book called Peter Pavley's Tales.

You ask me if I look like my father.. Father says I look half like him and half like my mother. Under the nose like my mother and over the nose like father. Some natives say I look like my father, others say I look like my mother.

I want very much to see it snow. There is no snow here. While Anna is writing her copy I write to you. Dr. Pickering, an American, came here to Nugger and stopped one day. He drank tea with us. Mr. Ballantine came with him. Papa has not seen him, he has gone on a tour. Dr. P. has been almost all over the world. He has been to South America and to the Sandwich islands and some other islands, he also has been to Europe and some other countries. He has been on top of the Andes in S. America.

I will tell you a story. Peter Pavley says, I remember very well to have heard a man who lived in the interior of Massachusetts, give an account of the first tea he ever saw. His father had heard of tea but had never learned the mystery of cooking it. In the first place a portion of it was boiled in a kettle, and then they attempted to eat the leaves. These they found very bitter and concluded that they had not hit upon the right method of cooking it. They then put some into a pan, and fried it. This answered no better purpose than boiling. Several other experiments were tried without success, and the tea was laid aside as a useless article. This happened less than a hundred years ago. Aunt Lidia, is not this a funny story?

I am very glad Emily Anstress behaved well. I hope she is a good girl. I have learned to sing. I love to sing very much. I have got a few singing books, very pretty ones they are. I thank you very much for thinking if I have clothes enough. Mama has knit me some thick cotton stockings. I have got one green merino pelisse. If mama had a piece like my worsted gown she could lengthen it out so that it would do then. I have got a silk cloak which mama made of an old silk gown which a lady in Bombay gave her. I have got a blue merino pelisse lately made. Do not trouble yourself to send me any clothing, for the Lord is good to supply us with clothing.enough.

I was delighted when I saw a letter for me, but I did not know it was from my Aunt Lidia. In your next letter please tell me what you are doing, what grandmama is doing. Mama is writing Mrs. Chandler.

The masons are repairing our house so we live at Mr. Burgess' house. Mr. Burgess has gone to America. There is in this house only Miss Jarrow and me. I am learning to wash and wipe dishes; it is very pretty work. What kind of work do you do, housework or sewing work? Please tell me. Today is Saturday and we review our week's lessons. Anna is

reading over her catechism and spelling.

I never went into an American ship. I do not know how it is made. Anna says she wants to tell you something. She says, "I want to go to Wilton very much. I have just got through reading my catechism. I spell in a singing book. I do not know when we will come to America. I want to see Abby Eliza. You said in your letter to Augusta that Abby Eliza does not speak her words distinctly. That is just like Chloe. I love papa and mama very much. I love my sisters and brother." This is all Anna has to say to you. Chloe says, "Tell Aunt Lidia Chloe is little well love and kiss." This is all Chloe has to say. Chloe is a pretty little girl. I love her very much. Anna is a sweet girl because she tries to be good and I love her very much. Amos is a fat little boy. In nine days more he will be one year old. Papa and mama send much love to you all. Anna and Chloe unite with me in love to all our grandparents, uncles, aunts and cousins.

Your affectionate niece---

Elizabeth Augusta Abbott

From Amos Abbott  
To Miss Lidia Abbott  
Wilton, N. H., U. S. A.

(Appended to Elizabeth Augusta Abbott's letter of  
December 25, 1844, to her Aunt Lidia.)

Dear Sister Lidia:

Augusta has just handed me this letter with a request that I would correct it, but on looking it over I think you will be better pleased with it if I send it just as it came from her hands.

I returned home from tour yesterday. Although I am very fond of touring, I am always right glad to get home, where I always meet an affectionate wife and a bunch of little nestlings half distracted with pleasure at seeing their papa again. It is with me as with other fathers; my children are a little better than any body's else, for which they may thank mama.

I had a very interesting time out in the villages. I sometimes had three hundred people to preach to. At one place there was a pilgrimage and Huripunt (one of our native Christians) and I spoke by turns to a large audience till 12 o'clock at night. The next morning we commenced again and with the exception of eating our meals, were at our work again till 3 o'clock P. M. We then left them and went to another village four miles distant, that we

might have time to breathe. We were both so tired that we hoped the people where we stopped would not come to us. But we had but just sat down to rest when the people began to come together and we preached to them an hour and a half, quite forgetting our fatigue. We then dismissed them, took our tea and went to bed. I expect to stay at home now a week and then go again. There are a good number who are asking for baptism.

I see I have got the sheet full. I don't count this a letter. I am waiting to have you answer the one I sent you long ago in which I inquired about Mesmerism or animal magnetism. Did you not get such a letter? When you write give me as much local news as you can. I get general news through the news papers.

Anstress unites in very much love to yourself and the rest of the family.

Your aff. brother,

Amos Abbott.

From Amos Abbott  
To Miss Lydia Abbott  
Wilton, New Hampshire, U. S. A.

Sirur, Feb. 23rd, 1846

Dear Sister Lydia:

I do not, I confess, like to be restricted to a half sheet of paper when writing to you, but there is no help for it this time. I hope the time will soon come when I can "spin long yarns" with you, as sailors say. I am sure I shall find it more easy than writing. I think it perhaps necessary to say this much to assure you that I can still use the English language and I think I shall be able to talk intelligible. I can understand English as well as I could when I left America, and I think better, but I cannot use the language as fluently. My language is barren of words. My dictionary is a small one. I hesitate and often cannot think of a word to express the idea I wish to convey. In this respect I can do better writing, but I presume you see the same in my writing. I really do not exactly understand what you mean when you say that Mr. Judson has an interpreter. Not surely from Burmese to English?

I was much amused at what you say about single blessedness. You certainly are a philosopher and if you are determined to live so, I hope you will

be firmly convinced by your own arguments of the blessedness of it. I will not try to overthrow your faith by arguments on the other side, only allow me to enjoy double blessedness.

I hope you will see me with my wife and children, walking along the street straight to your cottage door; a rather imposing sight, I assure you, I am sure you will not know me, but should you chance to see in sixteen months an old grey head on young shoulders, you may venture to look for the mark of the kettle on the forehead. That will decide the matter.

But what changes are going on at home? Should I reach home, how often on inquiring about this person and that person, should I be told that they are in eternity? Keep me well informed of all that is going on in Wilton and among my friends. I am more than ever desirous of hearing. I am sorry to hear that Eunice is not well. I hope her disease is not an incurable one. Elizabeth says nothing of her hip, so I infer it is well. I hope you will be particular in writing about the different members of the family. Where they are and where they intend to be, what they are doing, etc. etc.. Especially be particular in your letters written about the middle of November, 1846. The best way



for you and all my friends to direct your letters will be to write my name and under that write "Ahmednuggur India" and then at the bottom of the letter write ("Mission House--Boston) Pay the postage to Boston; the people there at the mission house will send it to me and pay the postage to Liverpool or London and I shall be charged with the postage from there to this place. You can put the letter into the office at Nashua and it will come safe. Most of my friends think they must carry the letters to Boston, but there is no need of that. Remember me to all my friends who inquire after me.

Much love to all the members of the family and you in particular, in which wife heartily joins..

Your affectionate brother,

A. Abbott

Andover, Oct. 23, 1855

Secretaries of the A. B. C. F. M.

Dear Brethren:

I desire through you to offer myself to the American Board as a foreign missionary. I am, thirty-two years of age, a native of Oakham, Worcester Co., Mass., where I resided with my parents until I was about 22 years of age, laboring constantly either on the farm or the shoemaker's bench. I had no advantages for schooling except at the common school, and those were very limited. From the age of 22 until I was 26, I spent my time in the academy at Easthampton and in school teaching. I was entirely dependent on myself for funds. At the age of 26 I entered Amherst college where I remained the four year course, spending my vacations in earning means to help defray my expenses. From Amherst I came here and entered Andover Theological Seminary and am now in my third year. With the blessing of God I shall complete my theological course next summer and when through hope to be ready to start on a mission. I am the son of pious parents and was early taught the truths of Christianity. I have ever constantly attended the means of grace. The first and the great desire of my parents was that their children should be devoted Christians. Being constantly under the eye of my parents, I was

kept from those outward vices into which many fall. I was often under deep religious impressions, but stubbornly and wilfully refused to yield my heart to God until the year 1842 at the age of 19, when I trust by Devine aid, I was enabled to consecrate myself to God and His service. If I know my own heart, I have ever since been willing to be anything and to do anything that God would have me. I have from that time felt a strong desire to do something to help spread the gospel to who enjoy not its privileges. That I might do this either in some destitute part of our own country, or in a foreign land, was the only thing that induced me to seek a liberal education. The great things that lead me to desire the missionary work are the awful condition of the heathen, and the last command of our Saviour. I wish to go as a preacher of the gospel and am ready to go with joy to any part of the world where it is thought I shall be most needed. I enjoy uniformly good health and believe that I have a sound constitution. My health is such that I think I should be well adapted to any climate. I never have been in debt more than fifty dollars and if I have my health and am prospered, I probably shall not be more than that in debt when my studies are completed.

I expect to go as a married man, but I

am not engaged. Neither have I anyone in view.

Yours truly,

(Signed) Samuel C. Dean

My views in regard to the doctrine and teachings of the Scriptures and the manner of carrying on the missionary work coincide with those of the Board and the New England churches generally. I have no relations who will be likely to be dependent on me. I purpose to spend my life in the work and hope it will be a long life of earnest and untiring labor. I offer myself after long and careful examination of the subject. I am aware of the hardships, suffering and pain incurred in prosecuting the missionary work. I know it is a difficult work. I am aware of the great responsibility that rests on the missionary. I feel my own entire insufficiency. I rely solely on Divine aid for strength and wisdom. I know the Lord can make his strength perfect in weakness. I feel that what I need most of all to qualify me for this great work is the abiding and quickening influence of the H. S. That I may have this is my earnest prayer.

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(Item from the front page of "THE BOMBAY GUARDIAN" dated Saturday, August 17, 1867.)

The Rev. S. C. Dean, of the American Mission, Satara, sailed with Mrs. Dean, six children and Miss Bertha Abbott, in the Ship "Dhuleep Singh" that left Bombay March 21st for Liverpool. The ship met with a hurricane off the Cape and the lives of all were in great danger for some time. The following extracts from letters dated St. Helena, June 8th, will give some idea of the circumstances:

"We experienced a fearful gale off the Cape, lasting from Saturday evening (May 18th) to Wednesday evening (22nd). Our lives were in great danger. Five cabins were entirely washed away with all their contents. Such a heavy sea our Captain had never seen. If this had not been an iron ship we would not have been alive now. As it was we escaped a fearful death. All Sunday night we were clinging to each other in one part of the Captain's after cabin, half-dressed and wet to the skin. Indeed we spent the night in prayer and in trying to compose ourselves to meet a watery grave.

"By this disaster we have sustained many losses, but not a soul on board was lost, for which we feel truly thankful.

"Bertha's and Horace's cabins were among those washed away, and as many of our things were in those cabins, of course we are rather destitute. Bertha

has lost everything except one box which was in the hold. We have lost eight boxes.

"The first mate was knocked down and fearfully mangled and he has been lying ever since with his legs in splints. The second mate is laid up too, and two of the men have taken their places.

"The Lord be ever praised for his loving kindness in not allowing a hair of our heads even to be hurt during those awful days. The water was up to the men's necks on deck nearly all one day, but only twelve inches of water got into the hold. Everything on deck was swept away, the great iron ports, boats, etc., but the bulwarks were secure, consequently our rigging was saved. The ship was utterly unmanageable."

Miss Bertha writes:

"That Sunday night, after being in bed a little while, I felt something cold, and then found my mattress wet. When I got out of my berth the water came in so that I could not stand. I then got into Carrie's berth which was higher than mine, but the water soon reached me. The boxes were jamming against our berths. Horace began to scream out; I got him quiet by telling him to pray to God. We all thought we were going to sink. Pretty soon the cabin-boy came and said there was a dry cabin, so he and Samuel helped the children to it. I had to wade through the water up to my waist. We all sat up the rest of the night,

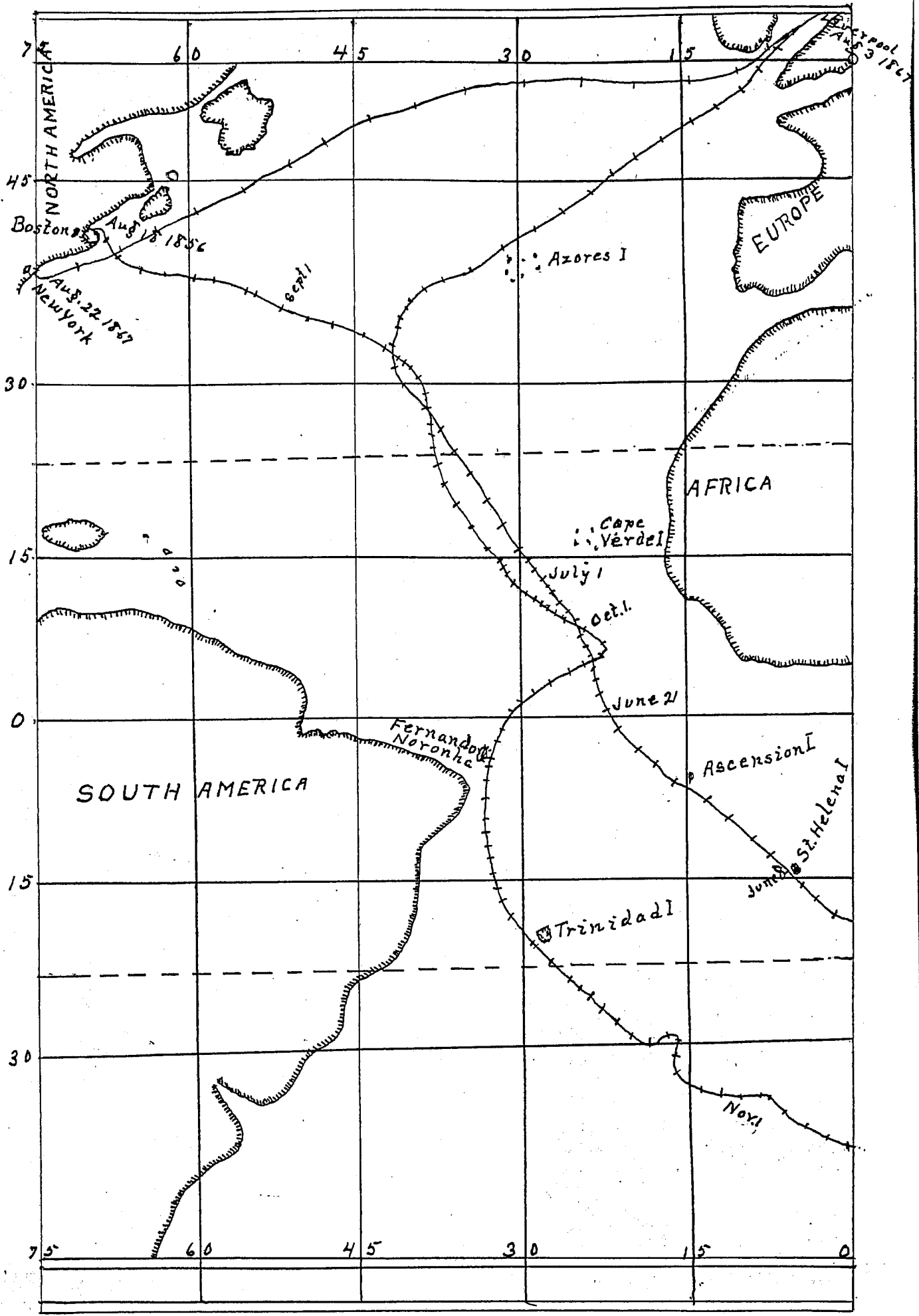
expecting it would be our last. Three men were constantly bailing out the water from this cabin. All the cabins on one side were broken up and carried away."

Mr. Dean's little girl writes a short letter. After being washed out of her berth and exposed to so many dangers, she seems to have been impressed with two verses of Scripture which she quotes: 'Him that cometh unto me, I will in no wise cast out.' 'But the Son of Man had not where to lay his head.'

The health of the party was good, excepting that of Mr. Dean. His health was not much improved.

The Dhuleep Singh arrived at Liverpool at the beginning of this month. From an account published it would appear that almost all the damage and the danger were caused by a single sea.

These friends have been remembered in prayer, since their departure; may the thanksgiving of many abound on their behalf.





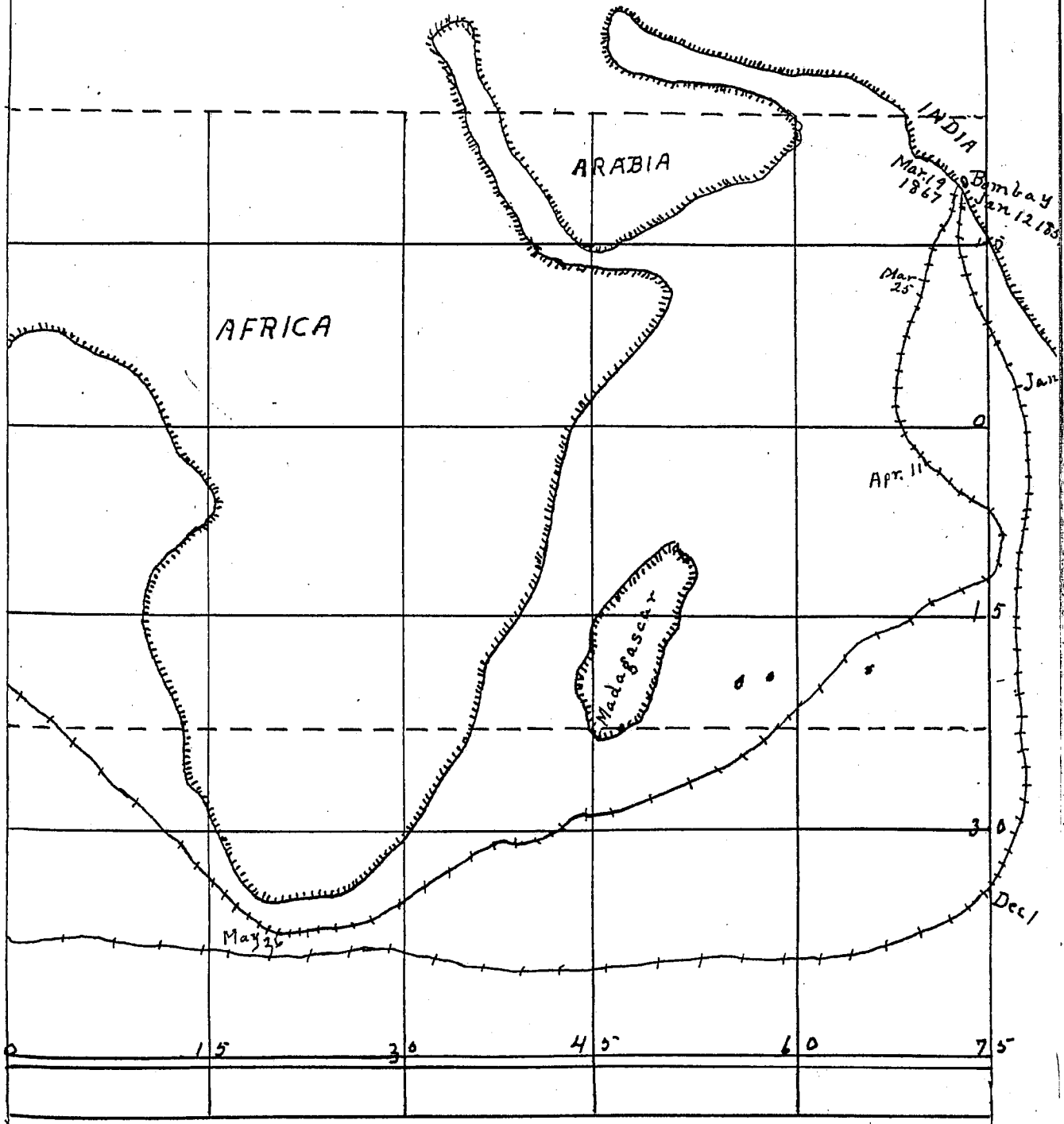
A chart on Mercator's Projection representing the track of the ship "J. Montgomery" Capt. Chas. Hamilton. Which sailed from Boston Aug. 18, 1856, and arrived at Bombay Jan. 12, 1857. She had for passengers, the Woods, Fairbanks, Hardings and Deans. ( All newly weds.)

Fifty days to the line, eighty-eight to the Cape.

Also the track of the "Duleep Singh" Capt. J. W. Jennings, which sailed from Bombay March 19, 1867, and arrived at Liverpool Aug. 3, 1867.

Passengers, Rev. S. C. Dean and family, Miss B. Abbott, J. W. Brown and R. Smith.

Also steamer from Liverpool to New York, which arrived Aug. 22, 1867.



"TABLE RULES FOR LITTLE FOLKS" were written by Rev. Amos Abbott. I do not know when, but in 1872 there was a copy tacked up on the wall in our dining room. Whenever one of the boys misbehaved, he had to leave the table and read the rules aloud. Each of the seven boys read them many times. I do not remember that our only sister was ever required to leave the table on account of misbehavior.

\*\*\*F. W. Dean.

## T A B L E R U L E S

### For Little Folks

\* \* \*

In silence I must take my seat  
And give God thanks before I eat;  
Must for my food in patience wait,  
Till I am asked to pass my plate;  
I must not scold, nor whine, nor pout,  
Nor move my chair nor plate about;  
With knife, or fork, or napkin ring,  
I must not play; nor must I sing;  
I must not speak a useless word,  
For children should be seen--not heard;  
I must not talk about my food,  
Nor fret if I don't think it good;  
I must not say, "The bread is old,"  
"The tea is hot," "The coffee's cold;"  
I must not cry for this or that,  
Nor murmur if my meat is fat;  
My mouth with food I must not crowd,  
Nor while I'm eating, speak aloud;  
Must turn my head to cough or sneeze,  
And when I ask, say "If you please;"  
The table-cloth I must not spoil,  
Nor with my food my fingers soil;  
Nor round the table sport nor run;  
And when I eat or when I wait,  
Do let me try to sit quite straight,  
Nor lean my elbows on the table,  
But sit upright as I am able;  
When told to rise, then I must put  
My chair away with noiseless foot;  
And lift my heart to God above,  
In praise for all his wondrous love.

\* \* \*

## Found Among Mother's Papers

(F. W. Dean)

I sat me down one summer day  
At my own cottage door.  
My cheek was fanned by the gentle breeze,  
I sat me down to rest.  
Not so with those who with me shared  
The evening cool, and balmy air;  
My bonny boys so bright and fair  
Were gaily playing by my side  
Now in mischief, now in fun,  
No thought of rest did enter there.  
With book in hand and mind intent  
On some true tale, sat my lassie dear.  
Her brow so smooth, she too was free from care.  
The snow white kitten at bo-peep played  
With Bruno, the household dog.  
I watched all these and then my eye  
Fell on my garden, so full of flowers  
And Alas! of weeds so ugly and so tall,  
It told of sad neglect, the want of care.  
Back to my darlings my vision flew.  
Ah! methought, another garden is neglected too;  
See seeds of strife engendered there,  
Ugly weeds of selfishness and sin.  
To myself I mused and said

In sad regret; do not a moment waste,  
Each day some fault seek to uproot;  
To holiness and truth guide these young souls  
As ever faithful the creeper twines  
About the lattice covered bower,  
And never fail to nourish day by day  
With Holy Wisdom from God's Own Book  
These precious plants entrusted to my care.

1873 or 1874

(Signed) A. E. D.

## OUR JOURNEY TO LINCOLN

(Written by Mrs. S. C. Dean, mother of President E. B. Dean of Doane College and Dr. F. W. Dean of Council Bluffs, from Jenkins Mills, Nebraska, in 1874. Later Steele City was founded near Jenkins Mills. The son referred to was Mr. Horace A. Dean whose home for over thirty years was in Camden, Arkansas. He died October 21, 1933.

It was quite an event in our monotonous everyday life to start for a visit to the capital of our state. Fifty questions in regard to city style and fashion came up in our minds, and we recoiled from making ourselves conspicuous on the sidewalks as country bumpkins; but our better nature set these all aside and attiring ourselves in suitable travelling costume we set our faces to the northeast, for our road at first lay toward Beatrice. A mile beyond Indian Creek, we turned to the left and went over miles of prairie without coming to a human habitation. At last in a hollow we saw some bunches of hay and we knew civilization was not far off. We were a sorry looking set, for the rain came upon us unmercifully and we dared not wish we had not started from home. When the looked for house came insight we saw another and yet another just beyond. We only stopped to inquire the way to Crete as we wished to go through that place. We were to take the road due north then turn by a certain straw stack, go over a plowed field, etc. On we went till we found ourselves driving close by a

little house and again stopped to inquire the way. A very obliging kind looking man came out and said, "Crete, Crete, I vill show you. Keep straight road till you come to anoder and turn to the right hand and you will see one lock house. That man not know nothing much, but he will tell you de road to Middleton and there ye can inquire for road to Crete."

"Thank you, sir," and we rode on. Coming to the log house afore mentioned, and rather dreading an encounter with the idiot who "not know nothing much", we called out for the road to Crete via Middleton. Imagine our surprise when a gentlemanly looking farmer came out and said, "I am a stranger here and cannot direct you to Crete, but take this road and when you come to a fence follow it on your right and you will soon find yourselves at Mr. Middleton's on Cub Creek."

Mr. Middleton! Our vision of a thriving little town dwindled down into a solitary house! After crossing the creek we found ourselves on high land in sight of several farms and houses, after being directed to pass certain straw and hay stacks and turning the corner of pig pens, etc., night found us at a neat home-like place where we found comfortable lodgings.

Next morning our road lay through Swan City. The most noticeable thing about that city was that nearly every window had one or more panes out. Our

sympathies were so worked upon that if we could have passed the hat around and sent a box of window glass to the unfortunate inhabitants we would have thought ourselves great philanthropists.

We left DeWitt on our right and took the straight road through the lively little village of Wilber, then on through a pretty country dotted with farms and pleasant home-like cottages, over the Big Blue river, right into Crete, and in front of the college building. A sight at our dear boy once more and then short four hours in his pleasant, comfortable room before starting on our way. The ride was cold, the road rather muddy, but just at dusk we found a resting place and a warm fire.

The next morning we rode ten miles and found ourselves going into Lincoln. The first object of attraction was the Insane Asylum, a fine building with suitable grounds. The different churches and the State House we saw and commented upon and finally brought up to the boarding place assigned us--a nice place it was--where we had good accommodations and a feeling home-like and comfortable. The first evening we went into the Congregational church and listened to a soul-stirring sermon by Dr. Storrs of Brooklyn, N. Y. The next day we attended three meetings of the General Association of Congregational Churches. One hundred ministers and delegates from Nebraska were present..

## JOURNAL OF THE DEAN FAMILY

The next day besides attending the meetings we did a little shopping and visited the State University, climbed 128 steps up into the cupola and had a bird's eye view of the whole city. We spent a few moments in the Library, Laboratory, chemical room and museum, through the politeness of Professor Bailey. In the evening we attended a sociable and were introduced to several pleasant people among whom were Professor Aughey and wife of the University.

After attending church three times on Sunday and looking in upon two flourishing Sunday Schools, we felt that we had enjoyed a rich treat.

On Monday morning we turned our faces homeward, but decided to take another route. After leaving the city proper we noticed on the left side the Lincoln Brewery and lo! close at hand in friendly neighborhood was the Penitentiary!

The Brewery and the Penitentiary! (a subject right here for a discourse on temperance, but we refrain this time, though we could spice the lecture with horrible facts in regard to the Lincoln whiskey, to say nothing of the wines, beer, and brandy.) Going by the Penitentiary the young man of our party had a desire to get a peep over the wall, so he approaches the sentry box and asked if he might come up. "No, sir," was the laconic answer, and we drove on. No! Sir! The Penitentiary was no place for fresh blooming youth who drink cold water and keep away from breweries, saloons and



other dark places where dark deeds are done. So our friend tried to get in, and couldn't---didn't take the right way, you see!

Our road that day led through Saltillo, where a year ago some good friends of ours bought and ate cheese! A generous farmer ten miles from Beatrice kept us over night and treated us to nice apples from Michigan. Without further incident except passing through Beatrice and seeing three Otoe Indians in the street, we found ourselves the next night safe at home once more.

Augusta E. Dean

FAMILY RECORD.

From Bible of Amos Abbott 1812-1889

W. Dean

BIRTHS.

- Amstee Nelson Feb 3. 1812
- Amos Abbott June 2. 1812
- Elizabeth Augusta Abbott Apr. 8. 1835
- Higail Ann Abbott July 29. 1838
- Amstee Abbott Aug. 15. 1839.
- Chloe Abbott Sept. 20. 1841
- Amos Wilson Abbott Jan. 6. 1844.
- Emily Abbott June 8. 1845.
- Albert Armstrong Abbott Oct. 6. 1847.
- Bertha Abbott Mar. 11. 1850
- Justin Edwards Abbott Dec. 25. 1853.
- Samuel Chase Dean Mar. 28. 1853
- Amos Abbott Dean Oct. 20. 1857
- Carrie Dean June 10. 1859
- Walter Chase Dean Mar. 16. 1861
- Frank Wilson Dean Feb. 9. 1863
- George Robinson Dean Aug. 11. 1864
- Edwin Blanchard Dean July 21. 1866
- Arthur Randall Dean Oct. 5. 1867
- Norman Beck Dean Apr. 22. 1871
- George Adolphus Jacob Apr. 18. 1871
- Fredrick Estlin Moore Jacob Mar. 22. 1875
- Harold F. Jacob Dec. 27. 1876 (Fenton)
- Ernest A. Jacob Mar. 20. 1873 (Abbott)

FAMILY RECORD.

From Bible of Amos Abbott 1812-1889

BIRTHS

7th Dean

- August Jacob July 30. 1869 (Travers)
- Ethel May Jacob Apr. 13. 1871.
- Maud Jacob Dec. 24. 1872. (Augusta)
- Marion Kirby Jacob Dec. 17. 1874
- Kathleen Justice Jacob Nov. 4. 1882
- Abby Hawkins (Doster) Abbott Mar. 11. 1848
- May Ethel Abbott Mar. 26. 1882
- Helen J. (Wright) Abbott July 4. 1858 (Ginnold)
- Harold Wilson Abbott Aug. 6. 1882
- Elizabeth (Wakeman) Dean Jan. 29. 1860
- Hermon Wakeman Dean Mar. 23. 1882
- Ernest Abbott Sept. 26. 1884
- Bertha Abbott Oct. 2. 1884
- Edgar Lyle Dean Sept. 15. 1885
- Anstie Tenny Abbott May 9. 1886
- Frank Augusta Dean Oct. 12<sup>th</sup> 1888
- Helen Abbott April 15<sup>th</sup> 1889
- Carl Chess Dean Nov. 17. 1891
- Wilson Abbott July 2. 1893
- Cornie Elizabeth Dean Nov. 17. 1895
- Elyabeth Abbott Jan. 12. 1900
- Abbott Weston Dean July 19. 1900
- Elle Katherine Dean Sept. 17. 1901
- Lewis Bernard Dutcher

FAMILY RECORD

from Birth of Amos Abbott 1812 - 1889

MARRIAGES.

L. W. Dean

Amos Abbott }  
 Justice Wilson } May 12, 1834.  
 Samuel C. Dean }  
 Elizabeth Augusta Abbott } Aug. 9, 1856  
 George Adolphus Jacob }  
 Emily Abbott } Mar. 28, 1864.  
 Amos Wilson Abbott }  
 Helen Griswold Wright } Aug. 19, 1880.  
 Albert Armstrong Abbott }  
 Abby Hawkins Foster } Sept. 8, 1880.  
 Abner Abbott Dean }  
 Elizabeth Wakeman } Feb. 16, 1881.  
 Samuel Harrison Evans } May 12,  
 Chloe Abbott } 1883.  
 Walter C. Dean } Oct. 29, 1895 -  
 Martha Pickering }  
 Frank W. Dean } June 10, 1897  
 Sarah Weston }  
 Edwin B. Dean } July 8, 1896  
 Georgia B. Con }  
 Arthur R. Dean } Sept. 18, 1901  
 Emma Fuller }  
 Norman R. Dean } Nov. 15, 1909  
 Sophia Miller }  
 George R. Dean } Oct. 22, 1903  
 Emily Washburn }  
 Justin Edwards Abbott } Jan. 2, 1902.  
 Camilla C. Clark }

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33  
8  
8



FAMILY RECORD.

From Bible of Amos Abbott 1812-1889  
 F. H. D. Dean

DEATHS.

- Abigail Ann Abbott Aug. 1. 1838.  
 Bertha Abbott Jan. 25. 1875  
 Harold Wilson Abbott Nov. 7. 1885.  
 Griswold Abbott Nov. 9. 1885.  
 Samuel H. Evans Oct. 30 1886.  
 Amos Abbott April 24. 1889  
 Anstie Wilson Abbott July 29. 189.  
 Samuel Chas Dean Sept. 9. 1890  
 Hugh Francis Jacob. Sept. 15. 1898  
 Elizabeth Augusta A. Dean. Feb. 12. 1916  
 George Robinson Dean Dec. 30, 1919  
 Anstie Abbott  
 Norman Peck Dean Feb. 20, 1923  
 Walter Chas Dean Dec. 15, 1927  
 Fred Drummond Jacob. May 23, 1924  
 Horace Abbott Dean Oct. 21, 1933  
 Harold Feuton Jacob Dec. 19 36  
 Amos Wilson Abbott  
 Helen Griswold Abbott June 4, 1938  
 Helen Abbott King Dec. 27, 1938